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MARTIN
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MARTIN
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DIVINING TABLES

A GOOD SHILLING

1750

546. d. 26
2
CAUSES OF CRIM. CON.

Also **BARRENNESS — And The KING's EVIL:**

ADVICE — NEW — GUINEA;

COME FROM TEN TILL ONE: FOR I GO TO NONE.

The **ANATOMIST & SYMPATHIZER,**

WHO NEVER POISONS, — NOR SHEDS HUMANE BLOOD:

BALM is in MOUNT-STREET.

Martin Van Butchell, *A*

HIS ADDRESS TO

NATHANIEL BRASSEY HALHED,

ESQUIRE, MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT;

ON

RICHARD BROTHERS:

He is a Servant and Prophet of the **LORD GOD ALMIGHTY:**

"Who willeth not that any should perish."

LET US MANLY BE, — AND HAVE DIGNITY:

NOT MAKE MEALY PATES, — NOR CHINS LIKE EUNUCHS!

Origin of Guelphs.

Two **LETTERS** written in **PARIS, 1672,**

PRINTED IN LONDON 1718;

ALLUDING — TO — NOW.

MARTIN VAN BUTCHELL'S

DIVERTING — COLUMNS;

(Lately given out in the Morning Post of last December.)

GOOD—WILL—TO—ALL—MEN.

L O N D O N.

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR, AT HIS PRIVATE HOUSE, NO.

56, MOUNT-STREET, GROSVENOR-SQUARE; SOLD BY GEORGE

RIEBAU, No. 439, STRAND; JOHN WRIGHT, No. 48,

DORSET-STREET, MARIE-LA-BONNE; AND OTHER

BOOK-SELLERS IN EUROPE, 1795.

Entered at Stationers' Hall.

Price A. Shilling.

CAUSES OF CRIM. CON.
 HIS BARBERSHIP — AND THE KING'S EXILE
 ADVICE — NEW — GUINEA
 COME FROM THE TILL ONE: FOR I GO TO NONE
 THE ANATOMIST & SYMPATHIZER
 WHO NEVER FORGOT — NOT FEAR HUMAN BLOOD
 BALM IS IN MOUNT-STREET.

Martin Van Butchell
 HIS ADDRESS TO
 NATHANIEL BRASSEY, HALLED
 ESQUIRE, MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT
 ON
 RICHARD BROTHERS.

It is a secret and Property of the Lord GOD Almighty
 "It is a secret and Property of the Lord GOD Almighty"
 LET US MANLY BE — AND HAVE DIGNITY:
 NOT MAKE MEELY TATES — NOR CHINE LIKE BUNCHES!

Origin of Quilts.
 TWO LETTERS written in PARIS, 1672
 PRINTED IN LONDON 1713
 ALLUDING — TO — NOW
 MARTIN VAN BUTCHELL
 DIVERSITY — COLUMN
 (Lamp given out in the morning 7th of July 1713)
 GOOD — WILL — TO — ALL — MEN.

L O N D O N
 PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR, AT HIS PRIVATE HOUSE,
 10, MOUNT-STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON
 RICHARD, NO. 410, ST. MARK'S, BISHOPSGATE, LONDON
 DORSET-STREET, MARLBOROUGH, AND OTHER
 BOOK-SELLERS IN LONDON, 1713.
 Printed at the University of Cambridge
 1713

Nathaniel Brassey Halhed,

ESQUIRE, MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT,
FOR LYMINGTON.

WHOSE — FACE — I — KNOW — NOT.

*He that receiveth a Prophet in the name of a
Prophet shall receive a Prophet's Reward;
And he that receiveth a Righteous Man
in the Name of a Righteous Man shall
receive a Righteous Man's Reward.*

Matthew X. 41.

"FOR GOOD MEN SOME WOULD EVEN DARE TO DIE."

ISRAELITE INDEED,

In whom is no guile!

PUBLISHING thy TESTIMONY OF

Richard Brothers,

Caused me to visit that Servant and Prophet of the
LORD GOD ALMIGHTY;

*Who is not Slack concerning his Promise, as
some Men count Slackness; but is long
suffering to us-ward, not willing that
any should Perish, but that all
should come to Repentance.*

2 Peter III. 9.

LET US MANLY BE: — HAVE TRUE DIGNITY:
NOR MAKE MEALY PATES: — NOR CHINS LIKE EUNUCHS!

Martin Van Butchell.

4 June, 1795.

Advertisement

ESQUIRE, MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT,
FOR LYMINGTON.

WHOSE — FACE — I — KNOW — NOT.

He that receives a Prophet in the name of a
Prophet shall receive a Prophet's Reward;
And he that receives a Prophet in the name of a
Prophet shall receive a Prophet's Reward.

CORRESPONDING—LADS—

REMEMBER JUDAS:— AND the YEAR 80!

Last Monday Morning, at Seven o'Clock, DOCTOR

MERRYMAN, of Quern-street, May-fair. presented

ELIZABETH, the Wife of MARTIN

VAN BUTCHELL, with her Fifth fine Boy,

at his House in Mount-Street,

Grosvenor-Square,

AND they—ALL—ARE—WELL.

POST MASTERS GENERAL

For Ten Thousand Pounds

(— We mean Gentlemen's — Not a PENNY less —)

I WILL SOON CONSTRUCT — SUCH

MAIL-COACH-PERCH-BOLTS

AS SHALL NEVER BREAK!

Martin Van Butchell,

LONDON.

Mount-Street, 56, — Very near Hyde-Park;

June 20, 1795.

Morning Post, &c. Saturday, June 27, 1795.

Advertisement

June 27, 1795

LETTER VIII.

To William Vospel, a Recluse of Austria.

THY Letters make me very restless and inquisitive; they awaken new Doubts and Scruples in my Breast, instead of removing or satisfying the old ones. Fresh Queries start in my Mind; and the more thou labourest to fasten me in thy narrow Superstition, and bigotted Zeal for the *Infallibility* of the Pope and the *Roman Church*, the looser I grow. My Soul is like a wild Colt in the Wilderness, that tosses up his Head, snuffs the Air in Indignation, and scorning the Bridle of Servitude, neighs for Joy at his Native Liberty, scampering at large through the Solitary Waste; nor can he be weeded by Human Craft, to lose his beloved Freedom, or change it for a Tame Captivity.

I have revolv'd in my Mind the Ages that are past, and the Years of Untraceable Origine, I have examin'd the Times and Seasons of the World, recorded in

A

History;

History; from *Adam* to *Moses*, from *Moses* to *Jesus*, and from *Jesus* to these present Days wherein we live. After all, I find that the *Memoirs* of Former Transactions are cover'd with great Darknes; yet there are not wanting some glimmerings of Light, to direct a diligent Mind, and impartial Lover of Truth.

Jesus the Son of *Mary*, was of the Stock of *Abraham*, *Isaac*, and *Jacob*. He was educated in the *Law* of *Moses*, which he observ'd in all Things to a Tittle; And in his Life-time he said, *Think not that I come to destroy the Law, but to perfect it.* His *Apostles* observ'd the same Rule, and in all Things were strict Observers of the Stated Precepts. So were the *Primitive Christians*, even to the keeping of the *Jewish Sabbath*; besides the *First Day* of the *Week*, appointed for the *Publick Celebration* of their own *Mysteries*. They abstain'd from *Blood*, and from Things *strangl'd*, and from all *Unclean Meats*, and such as were *Sacrific'd* to *Idols*. They had no *Images* or *Pictures* in their *Churches*, *Chapels*, or *Oratories*. In fine, they observ'd

observ'd all the Necessary *Purifications*, and ador'd *One God* with Unity of Heart, and Lively Faith and Good Works. Whereas thou see'st, the present *Roman Church* follows quite contrary *Maxims*. They give the Lie to our *Lord's* own *Declaration*; and positively say, that he came on purpose to abolish the *Law*, and introduce an *Universal Liberty*; that we may now as freely banquet on the *Blood* of *slain Beasts*, as on the *Milk* of the *Living*; and Eat of *Swines Flesh*, and other Abominable Food, with as little Detriment to our Souls, as on the *Flesh* of Lambs, or other Clean Creatures allow'd by the *Law* of *God*. How can this hang together, or be credited by any Rational Man? 'Tis no wonder there are so many *Libertines* and *Atheists* in the World, when they find *Christianity* to be a mere Heap of palpable Contradictions.

To this thou wilt answer, according to the common Rule of *Divines*, That during the *Primitive Times*, the *Apostles*, and all other *Christians*, observ'd the *Law* of *Moses*, for fear of giving Scandal to the *Jews*,
of

of whom great Numbers were converted to the *Christian Faith*, when they saw that the *Followers of Jesus* did not deviate from the *Institutions* of the *Seniors*, the *Statutes* of the *House of Jacob*: but that afterwards, when the *Gospel* was preach'd far and wide on the Face of the Earth, and that many of the *Gentile Nations* were brought over to the *Church*; it was no longer necessary, for the sake of so Contemptible a People as the *Jews*, to scandalize all the rest of the World, and impose on them a *Y oak* which they were not accustomed to bear, and which would tempt them to shake off *Christianity* it self, rather than submit to so intolerable a Burthen. Therefore the *Church*, to facilitate as much as in her lay, the *Conversion* of the *Roman Empire*, which then extended it self over the greatest part of the Earth; accommodated her *Injunctions*, *Precepts*, *Manners*, and *Ceremonies* of Religion, to the present Humour and Mode of those Times. And whereas the *Gentiles* eat of all Meats indifferent; so they were taught, that this was agreeable to the Will of our Lord

Jesus

Jesus, who came to rescue Men from the Slavery and Bondage of *Mosaick Superstitions*.

By the very same Rule they introduc'd the Usage of *Images* and *Pictures* in their Churches: And the *Vestments* of the *Priests*, the *Ornaments* of the *Altar*, the *Tapers*, *Lamps*, *Incense*, *Flower-pots*, and other *Religious* Gaities, were fashion'd according to the Patterns they received from the *Priests* of *Jupiter*, *Apollo*, *Venus*, *Diana*, and the rest of the *Heathen Deities*. Hence the *Festivals* of the *Gods* and *Goddeesses* were turn'd to *Holy Days* or *Saints*; and *Temples* before Consecrated to the *Sun*, *Moon* and *Stars*, were afresh dedicated to the *Apostles* and *Martyrs*. Thus the very *Pantheon* it self in *Rome*, or *Temple of all the Gods*, in process of *Time*, by an *Ecclesiastick* Dexterity, was converted to the *Church of All-Saints*. In a word, *Christianity* in all Things seem'd no other than *Gentilism* in Disguise. And it must be thought a *Pious Fraud*, thus to wheedle so many Millions of Sinners into the Bosom of the *Church*, whether they would or no.

Oh!

Oh! *Father William*, dost thou not blush at these Trivial Excuses, for the manifest Violation of the *Laws of God*? Can Man be wiser than the *Omnipotent*? Or will he presume to correct the Ways of *Him* that is perfect in *Knowledge*; is the *True Religion* to be propagated by imitating the *Idolatrous Rites of Infidels*? Or by prostituting the *Sacred Injunctions of Heaven*, to the *Caprices of Human Policy*? Did ever any wise *Lawgiver* condescend to alter and new Model his *Laws*, to humour a peevish captious *Subject*? Would he add or diminish any Thing for the sake of gaining a Faction or Party? And can we think that *God* ever design'd, or can be pleased to have his *Divine Laws* garbl'd and mixt with prophane *Indulgences, Dispensations, and Amendments of Mortals*? As if he had been ignorant what he did, when he divulg'd his *Statutes*, and wanted the *Counsel* of his *Creatures* to help him out at a dead Lift.

Was that *Tenderness* to be only shew'd to the *Jews* for a Time? and were they for ever afterwards to be scandaliz'd? In vain does
the

the *Church* daily pray for the Conversion of that People, whilst by her *Doctrines* and daily *Practices*, she hardens them more in their *Infidelity*. The *Ethiopian Church* is a standing Witness against her to this Day, where the *Christians* from all Antiquity, even from the Times of the *Apostles*, have kept that part of the *Law* of *Moses*, which relates to *Cleanness* and *Uncleanness*, and prescribes the Choice we are to make of *Meats* allowed to be *Eaten*, forbidding those that are execrable, and an Abomination. Hence it is, that there are more *Jews* converted to the *Christian Belief* in that Country, than in any other part of the World besides.

It was, in my Opinion, to begin at the wrong End, thus to neglect the *Salvation* of the *Jews*, our Elder Brethren, from whom we receiv'd the *Oracles* of *God*, and run to profelyte the *Gentiles* by such preposterous Methods, as render'd us in a manner as much their *Converts*, as them ours: Since we shuffl'd our *Religions* together at Random, and made a *Lottery* of *Divine* and *Human Institutions*, exchanging

ing one *Species* of *Superstition* and *Idolatry* for another ; bartering *Jupiter* for *Peter*, and *Mars* for *Paul* ; *Venus* and her *Cupid*, for the *Virgin Mary* and her Child *Jesus*. A *God* for an *Apostle* ; and *Demy-God* for a *Martyr*: Whilst the Law it self, which is the Foundation and main prop of *True Religion*, lies neglected and trampled under Foot.

The *Christians* of the *East*, seem more excusable than we: For, though they are not so punctual in observing all the *Niceties* of *Cleanness* and *Uncleanness*, *Meats* and *Drinks*, &c. as those of *Ethiopia*: Yet they will not taste of *Blood*, or any thing *Strangl'd*. And their *Ecclesiasticks* abstain from all manner of *Flesh*, during the whole Course of their Lives. They observe also many *Purifications*, and wholesome Rules of Life. Whereas we of the *Latin Church*, wallow in all manner of Filthiness like Swine, and bless ourselves, as if we were the Only *True Catholicks*, the *Elect of God*, in the *High Road* to Heaven. I am at a Loss what to think of these Things, neither can I ever hope to see the
Jews

Jews converted, till these Offences are remov'd.

There is a Rumour spread up and down, of the *Wandering Jew*. I suppose thou hast heard of such a Man. He is now at *Astracan*, and Preaches every where, that there will be a *Reformation of Christianity* after the Year 1700. That the *Jews* shall be Converted, and all this to be perform'd by the admirable Gifts of an *Englishman*, who shall restore *Truth* to its *Primitive Lustre* and *Integrity*. They say, He will cause the *Images* and *Pictures* to be utterly destroyed, and the *Law of Moses* to be kept, so far as relates to *Cleanness* and *Uncleanness*, &c. That in his Days, the *Temple of Solomon* shall be rebuilt, and the World shall put on a new Face.

Father William, I would not have thee despise these Things, since they have been long foretold by *Joachim* the Abbot, by *St. Methodius*, by *Nostradamus* the *French Prophet*, and by many other Eminent Persons, whose *Writings* are extant, and many of their *Predictions* are already come to pass. The *Roman Church* manifestly stands in

Need of a Reformation: And since the Governors of it cannot be prevail'd on to set their Hands to so pious a Work, we know not but *God* may effect it by the Means of a Stranger, some Obscure Person at present, but whose Light may shine hereafter through all Generations.

Father William, thou will pardon the Liberty I take in discoursing about these Things, and remember that 'tis a Work of Charity to bear with the Impertinencies of others. However, I thank *God* I'm out of the *Purlieu* of the *Spanish Inquisition*.

Paris, 1st of the 10th Moon,
of the Year 1672.

L E T T E R IX.

To Codabafrad Cheick, a Man of the
Law.

I Have a Kinsman by *Blood*, residing at *Astrakan*, in the parts of *Muscovy*: His Name is *Isouf*, a Man of an Ardent Spirit, and Active Wit; a great Traveller and
one

one who makes good that Character, by the Solid Remarks he has made on the most Important Things in his Way, through *Asia*, *Afric*, and *Europe*. For he is not in the Number of those who come home from Foreign Countries, only laden with Vanities and Trifles.

From him I receive frequent *Dispatches* since his being settled at *Astracan*, in Quality of a *Merchant*; where he improves his Estate to great Advantage, enjoys the Innocent Pleasures of Human Life, without suffering himself to be tainted with the Vices which are unprofitable, troublesome, and bring Scandal to a Man's Reputation. For some Vices, thou know'st, pass into the Predicaments of Virtues, when Interest or Necessity gives an Indulgence.

There is a mutual Intercourse between my Cousin and me: And among other Letters which he sends me, I receiv'd one lately; wherein he informs me, that he whom they call the *Wandering Jew*, of whom I made mention formerly in one of my *Dispatches* to the Sublime Port, is now
at

at *Astræan*; that he preaches openly in the *Markets*, and at the *Bourse* or *Exchange*; not refusing private Conversation with any that desire it.

There is a great Conflux of People from all Nations, and of all Religions to that City. He carries himself with an equal Indifference to every various *Sect*, and they all seem mightily taken with his Doctrines. The Chief Thing he aims at in all his Discourses is, That there will e'er long be an Universal Change of *Religion* over all the Earth, and that every Nation on the Globe shall worship *One God*, obey the *Law* of *Jesus* the Son of *Mary*, and embrace *One Faith*. When he insists on this, he seems to be void of all Doubts and Hesitations; speaks Magisterially, like a *Prophet*, who has receiv'd a sure and certain Revelation of the Thing he foretels. But when any Dispute with him, not in a Spirit of Captiousness, but to sift the Truth; he freely condescends to answer all their Objections with solid Reasons, and to convince them by their own Principles, that it must be so.

He

He says, That about the Year 1700 of the *Christians Hegira*, the invincible *Os-mans* shall break down the Fences of *Europe* and shall overflow all *Christendom* like a mighty Torrent, that has over-topp'd its Banks. In those Days there shall be great Desolation in *Hungary, Poland, Germany, France*, and other Regions of the *West*. Only *Denmark, Sweden, Muscovy*, and other Countries of the *North* shall remain untouch'd. But above all other Nations, he says, *Italy* will be made a perfect Wilderness, her Cities laid in Ashes, her Immense Wealth plunder'd and carried away by the greedy *Tartars, Arabians* and *Turks*, who will spare neither Age nor Sex, putting all to the Sword, especially the *Ecclesiasticks*, none of which shall escape the publick Vengeance, save Three Cardinals, Sincere and Holy Persons, who shall fly into *England* for Sanctuary by the way of the Sea.

That Island, he says, shall become the Refuge of all such who can escape the Calamities involving the adjacent Countries. Thither they shall flock with their

Wives

Wives and Children, and all their Wealth, when they shall hear of the approaching Terrors, the present Devastations of *Italy*; and the Universal Conquests of the *Osmans*: The King of the Country shall receive those distress'd Fugitives with open Arms, and shall assign them certain Portions of Land, where they may build Houses and Habitations for themselves and their Families; there being abundance of waste Ground in that Island, which they may manure and improve to their own and the Publick Advantage.

After this, says he, shall arise a certain Man in *England* from his Obscure Center; a Person fill'd with all manner of Divine Knowledge and Wisdom, endued with the *Spirit of Prophecy*, of a Graceful Aspect, and Elegant Speech, of a Compos'd Gravity, and Calm Address; a Man Mild, Innocent, Temperate, Chast and Merciful above the rest of Human Race. People shall let their Eyes fall on the Ground, when they meet him in the Streets, even before they know what he is; overcome by the Lustre of Modesty, Grace, and Virtue which shines
in

in his Countenance. A Person highly beloved of God and Man.

This Man shall meet the Three Fugitive *Cardinals* in an Hour of Destiny. Then that which lay long smothering, shall suddenly burst forth into a Flame. The Light of *God* shall be diffus'd through his Soul; his Heart shall be like a Lamp, and his Tongue shall utter Marvellous Things. When he opens his Mouth in divulging the Mysteries of *God*, his Words shall be like the Sparks of an Eternal Fire, kindling Flames of Love in the Breasts of the Hearers. The *Cardinals* shall rise from their Places, and run to embrace him. A Council of the Chief *Bishops* and *Priests* of the Land shall be assembled by the King's Order, where the Three *Cardinals* also shall be present; and after mature Deliberation, with Unanimous Consent, they shall call for the Holy Oyl of Consecration, and shall anoint him: They shall proclaim him the Great *Father*, and *Patriarch* of the *Faithful*; the *Director* of such as would go to *Paradise*.

He shall shew them a new Pattern of
the

the *Law of Jesus*, the Son of *Mary*; or rather the Old and True One, Freed from the Corruptions and Errors which have been super-induc'd for many Years. Their Hearts shall yield as to an *Oracle*, and the King of the Country shall approve of their Counsel. So shall all those of the Noble and the Vulgar, whose good Fate is written in their Foreheads. As for the rest, they shall remain in their Incredulity.

This Holy Person shall reform the Errors of all the *Christian Churches*, utterly abolish the Use of *Images* and *Pictures*, convince the *Jews* of their *Infidelity*, and chase away the *Darkness of Superstition* from Earth. He shall argue with Reasons so forcible and cogent, so clear and demonstrative, that none but the wilfully obstinate will resist the Truth which he divulges, or oppose his Authentick Missions. Thousands shall be converted by the Dint of his Word, and Ten Thousands by his Exemplary Life. For he shall go up and down preaching and doing Good Works throughout *Great Britain*, till the number of his *Profelytes* is compleat. Then he shall

shall send *Apostles* and *Messengers* into *Swedenland*, *Denmark*, *Muscovy*, and other Parts of *Europe*, who shall also convert an Innumerable Multitude to his *Law*. Foreign Princes shall send their Ambassadors to the King of *Great Britain* and to him; for he shall be at the King's Right Hand. They shall enter into *Leagues* and *Covenants*, and all the *Christian* Princes shall be at Unity. Mighty Armies shall be raised in the *North*, who shall come down and give new Courage to the oppress'd *Nazarenes* of the *West*. They shall all take up Arms, and chase the *Osman's* back again to their own Country, recovering the Wealth which they had taken from them.

After this, by an Universal Agreement of the *Christians*, this Holy Person shall be proclaim'd the *Great Pastor* of the *Church*. A Prodigious Army shall be gathered together out of all the *Christian* Nations, to conduct him to the *Holy Land*, and to crown him in *Jerusalem*. They shall vanquish and exterminate the *Osman's* out of *Palæstine*, and all the adjacent Regions.

C

Then

Then shall *Jerusalem* be re-built gloriously, and the *Temple of Solomon* with *Saphires* and *Emeralds*. That city shall be the *Seat* of the *Christian Musti's*, this new *Patriarch*, and his *Successors* to the *Day of Doom*. Then shall the *Eyes of the Jews* be opened : They shall acknowledge *Jesus* the Son of *Mary* to be the *True Messias*, whom they have so frequently Cursed. In a word, he says, Both *Jews* and *Gentiles*, People of all Nations, shall resort to *Jerusalem*, or send thither their *Gifts* and *Presents*. It shall become the *Mistress* of the whole *Earth*.

Sage *Cheik*, This is the Substance of what my cousin *Isouf* acquaints me with concerning the *Wandering Jew*, and his *New Doctrines*. The *Censure* of which I leave to thee, who hast a discerning Spirit, and art able to distinguish *Truth* from an *Imposture*. *God* only knows what is hid in the *Womb of Futurity*. Every *Age* is pregnant, and brings forth strange *Events*. Yet when 'tis over, all sounds like a *Dream*. The *World* it self is no better; and I that write this, am but methinks the *Shadow* of
a *Vision*

a *Vision* or *Trance*. I hardly know whether I'm asleep or awake whilst my Pen seems to move. Therefore, it being very late, I lay it aside, and bid thee adieu: Praying that thou and I may have the Happiness, even in this Life, to taste the Sweet Slumbers of *Paradise*.

Paris, 7th. of the 12th. Moon,
of the Year 1672.

Copied *verbatim* from the *Turkish Spy* Volume vii,
from Page 210, to Page 220.

ORIGIN OF GUELPHS.

Extract of a Letter from the same Volume, (*—verbatim also—*) Pages 26, and 27.

To Cara Hali, Physician to the Grand
Signior.

Irmentrude, the Countess of *Altorfe*, accus'd one of her Neighbours of Adultery, because she had Three Children at a Birth, saying, *She deserved to be tied up in a Sack,*
and

and thrown into the Sea. Next Year the Countess her self was delivered of Twelve Sons all at a Birth. And touch'd with Remorse for the Sentence which she had pronounc'd against the other Woman, concluding it now a just Punishment for her self, sent a Maid with Eleven of these New-born *Infants*, commanding her to drown them in the next River, reserving only one to be the *Heir* of his Father's Estate.

Fate had so determin'd, that her Husband the *Earl* met the Maid as she was going to commit this Execrable Villany ; and asking her what she had got in her Lap, she answer'd, *I am going to drown a few Young Whelps.* The *Earl* being a great Hunter, and consequently a Lover of Dogs, had a Mind to see whether any of these *Whelps* were of a promising Aspect : when to his Astonishment he found Eleven of Human Shapes, all living and perfect, but very small. He press'd the Maid so far, that she confess'd the whole Truth. Whereupon enjoining her Silence, and Assurance of a good Reward, he caus'd her

to

to carry them to one of his *Tenants*; where being all cherish'd and laid warm, he disposed of them afterwards in convenient Places, to be nurs'd and brought up till they came of Age. Then he sent for them privately to his House, having first apparell'd them in the same Fashion as their Brother was in who dwelt at home.

As soon as the *Countess* cast her Eye on them, and observed their Number and Faces, so exactly resembling him who had been always with her, she wept in a Passion betwixt Shame and Joy, confessing her former cruel Intention; and falling at the Feet of her Lord, he pardon'd her. From these *Eleven* descend the *Family* of the *Whelps* or *Guelphs*, so Renowned in *Germany*, and bearing this Name from the Maid's answer to the *Earl*, when she had them in her Lap.

Paris, 23d of the 6th Moon,
of the Year 1667.

MARTIN

MARTIN VAN BUTCHELL,

No. 56, Mount-Street,
LONDON.

SIR,

I Should think myself wanting in gratitude, if I omitted Publicly thanking you for the great Cure I have obtained, of a Serious and complicated Case, which Occasioned Six External, and One Internal FISTULA; and which I have every reason to believe are effectually cured as the parts have been for some time quite heal'd and free from pain.

I shall have a particular Satisfaction in personally Answering Any Enquiry by a reference to me.

I am, Sir, Your much
52, Rathbone Place, Oblig'd humble Servant,
October 28, 1794. JOHN BROWN.

P. S. An Eminent Surgeon saw the above Case, and pronounced it of a most dangerous nature, and was in his Opinion quite impossible for me to obtain a Cure without Cutting, and seven long Months Confinement to my Bed;—but putting myself under the Care of Martin Van Butchell, I am in the Short Space of Twelve Weeks time Quite Well, without Cutting or being Confin'd One Day.

—TENDER

TENDER—bearded—MAN.

Ufer of the Knife,—would'st thou cut thy Wife?
(—Unless two* were by? Fearing her might
die?—)

Is—not—BLOOD—the LIFE?

• Alluding to the regular Mode of eminent
Surgeons, who seldom cut for FISTULÆ and
PILES, but in the presence of their Assistants:
—because, a few Patients have died under the
Operation, and a few more have died, some
days after the day of cutting.

Not so our Author:—Mais tout au contraire.

If the Empress of Russia,—The Emperor of
Germany,—The King of Prussia,—An Immacu-
late,—Or the Pope of Rome; were sorely smit-
ten in their hinder Parts, with bad FISTULÆ,
and tormenting PILES,—

Visited MARTIN—to be made quite whole:

Without Confinement,—Fomentation,—Risk;—

Injection,—Poltice,—Caustic,—or Cutting:—

Bringing two per Cent.—of Five years Profit.

LESS—is—not—his—FEE.

Nor would he suffer a third person to be
in the Room.

Not wanting help,—he wont be hinder'd;

By half witted Spies; Slavish Informers:

Nor

Nor sad Alarmists. All his Patients live :

AND—JEHOVAH—PRAISE.

PEOPLE—of—ENGLAND.

“ Be ye of one mind :—And each other love !

“ As—CHRIST—loved—you.”

“ Rejoice in the LORD always : and again I
“ say, rejoice.—Let your moderation be known
“ unto all men. The LORD is at hand.—Be
“ carefull for nothing : but in every thing
“ by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiv-
“ ing let your requests be made known unto
“ GOD.—And the peace of GOD which passeth
“ all understanding, shall keep your hearts
“ and minds through CHRIST JESUS.”

To the EDITOR—of the MORNING Post.

EGO—SECUNDUS.

Of GOD every Man—hath his proper Gift :

Glory be to HIM—that mine is healing :

(—Not Miraculous,—nor by Satan’s aid :—)

Being vigilant—while gay Lads gamed

At the Tennis Court,—I found it in Schools

A-NA-TO-MI-CAL.

FISTULÆ and PILES—best my Genius fit :

Very broad is Art—narrow human Wit :

Tho’ Man was complete : (—As he ought to be

With

With an hairy Chin.—) Lovely Women hate
 Fops effeminate.—Time approaches when
 Among certain Men—In another Age
 BEARDS—will—BE—the—RAGE!

SIR,
 Not grudgingly, or—of necessity,
 For the *KING* loveth—a chearful Giver;
 I would most gladly—have volunteered,
 (—Tho'—no—party—Man—)

Loud to speak in praise—of Thomas Hardy:
With—Emphatic—Voice!

But, had daily coming to me for Cure,
 Messieurs JOHN DANCE, Choice-Fruiterer, and
 Orange-Merchant, No. 308, Oxford-street:—
 GEORGE GROSAR, Mat-Maker of Barton, near
 Wellingborough, Northamptonshire:—WIL-
 LIAM HIGGINS, Lapidary, No. 3, Angel-street,
 Butcher-hall-lane:—WILLIAM HORNE, No. 3,
 Searle-street, Lincoln's-Inn, Clerk to his Royal
 Highness, the PRINCE of WALES, His At-
 torney-General:—THOMAS KEELEY, Watch-
 Gilder, Grange-Court, Carey-street:—and six
 more Patients:—

To them I refer—for my Character:
 Each will have the Grace—to write out his Case;
 Soon as he is well—An History tell:
 For the Public good;—So save Humane Blood:
 As—all—TRUE—Folk—SHOU'D.

D

Sharkish

Sharkish People may—keep themselves away
Those that use Men ill—I never can heal;
Being forbidden—To cast Pearls to Pigs:
Lest—they—turn—and—tear.

Wisdom makes dainty:—Patients come to me,
With heavy Guineas,—Between Ten and One:

But—I—go—to—none.

London, Martin Van Butchell;
Mount-street, 56, Mender of Mankind:
Very near Hyde-Park. In a manly way.

MORNING POST, &c. Wednesday, Dec. 10, 1794.

TO HIS MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY
KING GEORGE THE THIRD

OUR ROYAL FATHER

The Humble Petition of

MARTIN VAN BUTCHELL

ANATOMIST—and—FISTULÆ—Curer

(—Without Confinement—Fomentation—Risk—
Injection—Poltice—Caustic—or Cutting

Secrecy enjoins—to every Patient —

That—they—all—may—heal—)

Most—HUMBLY—Sheweth

(—Ladies having been—Lords may come again—
And bring Two per Cent—of Five Years Profit

In

In heavy Guineas—Between Ten and One

For—be—goes—to—none—)

That your MAJESTY's Petitioner used to
shave till he was fifty-six—and then thought
it wrong

That your MAJESTY's Petitioner is a Bri-
tish Christian Man aged Fifty-nine—with a
comely Beard—full eight Inches long

That your MAJESTY's Petitioner was born in
the County of Middlesex—Brought up in the
County of Surrey—And never has been out of
the Kingdom of England

That your MAJESTY's Petitioner (—about ten
years ago—) had often the high honour (—be-
fore your MAJESTY's Nobles) of conversing
with your MAJESTY (—face to face—) when
we were hunting of the Stag—on
Windsor Forest

That your MAJESTY's most humble Petitioner
(—“ As a single Grain—

From an heap of Sand”—)
most humbly prays that your most gracious
MAJESTY will be most graciously pleased
(—“ Like—the—PRINCE—of—PEACE”—)

to extend your MAJESTY's Royal MERCY to
Messieurs Muir Palmer Skirving Margarot
(—And the loving Wife of meek Margarot

Who

Who are on the way to Botany Bay

SPARE DAVID DOWNIE

01 That your MAJESTY's Petitioner is one of the boldest—bravest—and most useful of your MAJESTY's Subjects—Being the true and first Inventor of Spring Bands—For which he obtained YOUR MAJESTY'S ROYAL LETTERS PATENT in December 1783 (—The term fourteen Years—from the Date thereof—) which Invention pleases and profits your MAJESTY's free People so much—that by dint of GOLD (—Or COMBINATION—) they have long since made up their minds—to copy every part of said Invention so close as they can (except in goodness—) and by setting up Manufactories—sell their work so cheap—that your MAJESTY's humble Petitioner has much trouble to support a good Wife—and seven fine Children—four boys—three girls—the eldest full thirteen years old—the youngest—twenty months—)

(But your MAJESTY's Petitioner says—that Imitators had better get a poor bit of bread by copying his Patent Invention (without permission—) to make folk easy—than meet their fate

02 For counterfeiting any Current Coin—

OR—MISCHIEF—Making

(—Silver—and Copper—are now—very bad—)

Therefore

Therefore your MAJESTY's humble Petitioner
most humbly begs that your Most Gracious
MAJESTY will be pleased to stop the shedding
of HUMANE BLOOD—in this wofull WAR—
and thereby keep many of your MAJESTY's
most-loyal-Subjects

From EMIGRATING—to AMERICA
Or dying through want—of Food and Raiment
And your MAJESTY's Petitioner
As in duty bound
will pray

~~FARMER~~—and—~~GRAZIER~~
~~PRACTICE~~—makes—~~PERFECT~~.
~~To CURE~~—Diseases—sans the Loss—of
~~BLOOD~~;—
Flesh,—BONE,—Ligament;
Life, Nerve, Skin, Tendon;—Vein, or Artery;
HEALING from bottom—on good PRINCIPLE;
Was my Contrivance (—ANATOMICAL;—
Divers. years ago:—) Better than PATENT:
As it can't—be stole;—Like Elastic-BANDS:
Through Combination,—of self-loving-folk:
WHO—are—THEIR—OWN—FOES.

~~HOPE~~—enlivens—~~MAN~~.
“Blessed is he that considers the poor,
“And needy:—Our L O R D will deliver him:
“In

"In—TIMES—of TROUBLE."
 "There was a grain of Sand, that lamented
 "itself, as the most unfortunate ATOM, upon the
 "face of the Universe: But in process of Time,
 "it became a DIAMOND:"—Very beautiful;
 SUCH—as—KINGS—have—WORE!

BRITISH—CHRISTIAN—LADS.
 ("Behold—now is the day—of Salvation.
 Get understanding:—as the highest Gain.—)
 Cease looking boyish:—Become quite manly!
 (*Girls are fond of Hair:—It is Natural.—*)

Let your BEARDS grow long:
 That ye may be strong:—In Mind—and Body:
 As were great Grand Dads:—Centuries ago;
 When J O H N did not owe—a single Penny:
 More—than—he—could—pay.

PHI—LO—SO—FIE—SIRS.
 "Heaven gives a Will:—Then directs the Way."
 Honor your Maker:—And "*Be swift to hear:*
"Slow—to—Speak:—or—Wrath."
 Leave off deforming:—Each—himself—reform:
 WEAR—the—MARKS—of—MEN:
In-con-tes-ti-ble!

JESUS—did not shave:—for HE—knew better.
 Had it been proper—our CHINS should be bare,
 Would HAIR—be put there:—By wife
 JEHOVAH?

"Who

~~Who made ALL things GOOD :~~

MORNING POST, &c. Friday, Dec. 12, 1794.

~~FISTULÆ, and PILES,~~

~~BY the HELP of GOD—We ERADICATE.~~

~~Having WIT enough—to heal those Complaints,~~

~~My small Fee must be—Twelve heavy Guineas :~~

~~Large, Six-Score Thousand :—We mean 2 pr. Cent.~~

~~On Five Years Profit :—Put it in Rouleaus,~~

~~Of an Hundred each.—Come from Ten till One:~~

~~For—I go—to—none.~~

~~Martin Van Butchell.~~

~~To the EDITOR of the MORNING POST.~~

~~Sir~~

through the channell of your useful paper if you will insert the following for the good of mankind that labours under simular cafes it will be esteem'd a favour a fistula case wich is breifly as follows the above disorder I have had about 14 months wich was Called a blind internal fistula I have had many things apply'd internal and external for the greatest part of the above time and all to no effect untill I heard of Mer Van Butchell No 56. Mount Street Grosvennor Square who cur'd a young man that had 2 fistula's in the course of 12 days that
had

had been 11 years bad with the above disorder after being cut severell times & in severell hospitals wich he asserted to me & likewise 2 more that I have seen since I have been Cured with that fatal disorder has been totally Eradicated from them of the above disorder by the above Gentleman wich I have Authority to answer or them to refer to witness my hand

James Mole

General post man : No 22

Plumbtree street Bloomsbury

Good friday 1794

N B any person that labours under the above disorder shall be fully satisfied by enquiring for the above person between 2 and 5 o Clock any afternoon sunday's excepted

FISTULÆ—cured—

WITHOUT Injection,—CUTTING or CAUSTIC!

To the EDITOR — of the MORNING Post.

SIR,

Having—by God's Blessing, experienced from the Skill of Mr. VAN BUTCHELL of No. 56 Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, a complete Cure of a most obstinate FISTULA, I am impelled by Gratitude to that Gentleman, and Compassion to those who may labor under a similar Affliction,

to

to request thro' the Medium of your Paper thus publickly to thank the former—and to the latter make known where they may find Relief.—

My Case is briefly as follows.

After having suffered three Years, during which Time I was successively under the Care of several eminent SURGEONS without Effect (my Constitution seeming then almost irreparably broken) I put myself under the Care of Mr. VAN BUTCHELL.

The late Mr. HUNTER who at the above Gentleman's Request, witnessed my Case pronounced it of the most difficult and complicated Nature. In three Months however Mr. VAN BUTCHELL discovered and eradicated all the different Branches and Canals (in number no less than fourteen) of the FISTULA I was afflicted with.

During the first Stage of my Case I was so bad that I was constrained to take Lodgings in the Neighbourhood of Mount-street—but in a short Time I became able to walk thither six Times a week from my own House in the OLD CHANGE and back. In short my Health and Constitution are most surprizingly amended;—and the FISTULA (by which they had been so alarmingly impaired) I solemnly believe Mr. VAN BUTCHELL has radically cured;—which

E

I will

I will personally assure any person of who
may call upon me for that purpose.

No. 44 *Old Change* JAMES WILSON:

Dec. 16, 1793.

—
READ,—AND—REMEMBER;—

Hunter, and Cruikshank—saw these Cases twice:

LAST,—when—THEY—were—WELL!

August 7th, 1793

Edward, Foreman FireMan Beloining to the
Corporation Of the Royal Exchange Assurance
Fire Office Came To Mr Van Butchell For A
Cure of Three Fistulæ After Having them on
me Six Years and a Half Having advice from
Different Men Before But not Cured—Having
now gott a Fine Cure From Mr. Van Butchell
with out Cutting Or Confinement Sept—1th
—1793.

Witness My Hand, Edwd. Foreman—

No 45 Jacob Street Bermondsey

Plying at Rotherhithe Stairs

And At Tower Wharfe Stairs

—
MORE—bad—FISTULÆ.

Thos Fuge Ticket Porter & Porter to the
Royal Exchange Assurance fire Office Labourd
under the Disorder of a Fistular Applied To

An

An Eminent Surgeon For Relief Not Maney
 Miles from London Who Cut Me for the
 Same Being Under his Hands Eaight Weeks
 And When he Had Done with Me I found
 My Self Not Perfectly Cur'd. In a Few
 Weeks After Hearing of Mr. Van Butchell at
 No 56 Mount Street Groevenor Square Near
 Hyde Park I Applied to Him for Further Re-
 lieff Wich He Perfectly Cur'd Me of Three
 Blind Fistulars in Four Weeks, Without Con-
 finement — Fomentation — Injection — Risk —
 Poltice—Caustic—Or Cutting

Which I am Ready to Testify the Same Be-
 fore Any Person

Witness My Hand Thos Fuge Lives at No
 25 Next Door to the Rose and Crown Public
 House Narrow Wall Lambeth & May Be
 Found Any Day Sundays Excepted at the
 Hornes Gutter Lane Cheapside

MORNING POST, &c, Friday *December 19, 1794.*

THE—first—MAGISTRATE

And other sincere—Lovers of this State

Are entreated by

MARTIN VAN BUTCHELL

(—Tumors Discussor—Strictures Remover—

Ruptures Restorer—Piles Extirpator—

Fistulæ Healer—Phimosis Curer—

And

And ANATOMIST—)
Carefully to hear—read—mark—learn—digest

JUNIUS'S LETTERS

In the MORNING POST—of last Dec. 9—12—

17—24—30—Jan. 9—24—Feb. 2.

Also—what—FOLLOWS

And—MARTIN'S—Columns

—

F I S T U L Æ—healed :

Without Confinement,—Fomentation,—Risk ;—

Injection,—Poltice—Cutting---or---Caustic,

(—VERBATIM—COPIES—)

George Grosar of Barton Mat maker Labring
under a bad Fistular applied to an Emmment
Surgen at *Wellingoborough* Wich sayd he Would
Do the Best He could to cure me But he must
Cutt me Wich I sayd I was not Willin I heard
of Mrs. *Whithorth*, That had been cured Without
Cuttin By Mr. *Martin Van Butchell* I then
Went to advise With her and she advised me
By All means to come to *London* As she sayd
she had spent much Money in Medsons Before
she come To the above named Gentleman I
then told my Surgin that I intended to Go to
London as I had been informed that I could be
Cured Without Cuttin he sayd Then he Would
advise me So to Do.

I Was

And

I Was in a verey Bad state of Helath When I come to *London* But By Putting my self under the Care of Mr. *Martin Van Butchell* By the Blessing of God in a fortnight I Was much Better For my health and In the Cours of ten Weekes Was cured of Eight Fistulas and am now By the Blessing of God am Know At this Time as Well as Ever I Was in my Life aney one That is Douttful of this Case may aply to Mr. *Jessopes* No. 11, *Clipston Street* where I Lodged All the time I Was in toun or to me *George Grosar* at *Barton* near *Wellengobory Northampton shere* as I am Willin To make Publick the same for Sake of them Wich Laber under the same Deforder

Crifmas Day 1794

Memorandum—*The above two Patients were brought by the following*

JOHN WITWORTH Baker at No. 13, *Duke street Portland Place* Under the Duforder of a Fiftular Applied to An Eminent Surgent in the Contery About Six years ago who Cut me for the same Being under his hands five weeks and when he had Done with me I found my self Not perfectly Cured and Labourd under the the same for severall Years after and then Hear-
ing

ing of Mr. *Van Butchell* at No. 56 *Mount Street*,
Grosvenor Square I Applied to him for firther
 relife Wich he pirfectly Cured me of one blind
 Fistular in Eight Days with out Cutting

Witness my hand

JOHN WHITWORTH

Crismas day 1794

P S It is near two years Since *Martin Van*
Butchell cured me and I have not had the least
 return of my Complaint

The KING of ENGLAND

Of MONARCHS The BEST

S I R E

We must Agree—to Petition THEE

“ NOW MAKE PEACE WITH FRANCE ”

FAMINE Re-proaches—Her Boys Sing and

Dance—

When thy Men Advance

Witty Lads would Prate—Till it is too late

For lovely Lasses—Faith—Hope—Charity

SPAREING HUMANE BLOOD

Is the WILL of GOD—So I do much Good

Curing FISTULÆ—*Martin Van Butchell*

Aged—SIXTY—Years

18 February 1795

—

COURT

COURT of ALDERMEN.
 When **JEHOVAH's Son**—Beheld the **CITY**
 of **JERUSALEM**
 He wept over it, saying, If thou hadst known,—
 even thou,—at least in this thy day,—the things
 which belong unto thy peace !

The same **CHRIST** hath said
 Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the
 kingdom prepared for you from the foundation
 of the world.—For I was an hungered, and ye
 gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me
 drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in:—
 Naked, and ye cloathed me: I was sick, and ye
 visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto
 me.

L O N D O N C I T I Z E N S,

Presuming that when the Jail allowance was
 first established, a penny would buy more than
 sixteen ounces of white *Bread*;—and knowing
 that all other Eatables are now more than double
 the price they were fifty years ago.—Therefore
 I beseech you, as the lives of many Prisoners
 will be under your care if this War should last,
 (—**SOME—get—NOUGHT—but—BREAD—**)
 to let each have a Pound Loaf per diem,—and
 that ye may know it is good *Bread*, appoint a
 City Servant to take twenty eight loaves pro-
 miscuously

miscuously out of the Store,—weigh them on
the Spot, and leave one at the house of each
Alderman and Sheriff; that they may daily taste
the Prisoners' Bread.

So shall ye be blest.

MARTIN VAN BUTCHELL.

Sunday, 22 February, 1795.

MORNING POST, &c. Wednesday, Feb. 25.

1795.

SYMPATHIZING—Minds!—

“Blessed are they that consider the Poor.”

Kings,—Princes,—Dukes,—Lords,—

Knights,—Esquires,—Ladies,—

“Or the LORD knows who”

ARE hapless MORTALS!—Many do need ME:—

TO GIVE them COMFORT!

Am not I—the first—Healer (—at this Day—)

Of bad FISTULÆ?

(—With—an handsome Beard—)

Like HIPPOCRATES!

The Combing—I sell—One Guinea—each hair:

(—Of use—to the Fair;

That

That want fine Children:—
I can—tell them how;—It—is a Secret.—)
Some,—are quite—auburn—;
Others,—silver white:—Full—half quarter—long,
Growing (—day, and night,—)
Only—fifteen—Months!
Ye must hither come, (—As I go to none—)
And bring—one per Cent.
Of five Year's profit:—That's my settled Fee:
It—shall be return'd
If I do not cure (—In a little time—)
THE WORST FISTULÆ:
Let who will—have fail'd!
Lie telling—is bad:—
SOTTING—makes Folk sad!
See (—ANANIAS—) Beginning Acts V.
POT-I-CARY—bow—THY—friz'd—MEALY Pate!

“ DESPISERS,—behold—
“ WONDER—and PERISH!”
“ GOD—gives Grace to Man!
“ Glory—be to GOD!
“ HE—doth all things well!”

F I S T U L Æ—Patients—
Grown—almost weary—of going—Weeks,—
Months,—and Years,—to Doctor S—, who
exists,—not very far from—the Hay-market,—
Saint James's.

F

When

When your Faith,—and Patience—are quite wore out—

(“—Rejoicing—in HOPE—”)

Come to me,—at my house,—No. 56, Mount-street,—near Hyde Park;—where—I have lived—full Twenty Years,—and (—without Confinement,—or Cutting—) do cure the FISTULA:—sometimes—in six Days;—always in Ten:—Giving less PAIN in the whole time,—than Doctor S———does in eight hours.

(-Outdoing POTT,—as He did—CHESELDEN !-)

August 27, I began on William Bate, a Joiner, No. 8, George-street, Grosvenor-square; (—aged 52, who works for Mr. John Box;—) and ended September 1st.—He had a blind external FISTULA, one Year: went 5 Months to Surgeon H——, 7 Months to Doctor S——, and then heard of me.

September 3, I began on John Sweeting, a Carpenter, No. 31, Castle-lane, Pimlico; (aged 53, who works for Mr. Thomas Hancock;—) and ended the 10th.—He had a blind internal FISTULA, two years:—Was 13 weeks in an Infirmary;—where Surgeon L—— called it the inward PILES.

September 3, I began on Joseph Bollom, a Lamp-lighter, No. 17, Old-James-street, Grosvenor-square, 3 doors from Oxford-road; (—aged 38, who

38, who has four small Children, and works for Mr. William Forge;—) and ended the 12th:—He had a complete FISTULA six Years, with four greivous Openings:—Went 37 Days to Doctor S——, and then came here.

September 24, I began on Mr. Charles James Coverly, a Master Weaver, No. 4, Providence-Row, Upper-Moorfields;—and ended the 27th:—He had a blind external FISTULA, near twenty Months:—went full ten—to Doctor S——, then found out William Bate;—who led him to me.

Fee—is—according—to Ability!

Let those—who have much

Give—without grudging!

(—Heavy Guineas—down:

I don't like Paper;—Unless—from the Bank

Of good Old England.—)

Plain Folk—do comply—very readily;

So shall—the Gaudy:—

Or keep their Complaints!

Many—are in want—of Food;—and Raiment,

For large Families;

Such,—will be made whole—Just so speedily

As the most wealthy;

“ THAT's one RIGHT of MAN,”

And HE shall have IT:

While GOD grants me HEALTH!

(—PHILOSOPHERS—say—

“ Mankind

“ Mankind—are equal:—And pure Religion—
—: “ Kindly—promotes—good.”—)

Lofty ones—read this,—Then pause a little:

Down your Dust—must lay;

Promises—won’t do:

I can’t go away—To receive some Pay

From other People!

Requested by me,—JOHN HUNTER, Esq.
F. R. S. (—Surgeon Extraordinary to the KING,
—and Surgeon General to his Majesty’s Forces:
Who taught me to heal:—Sixteen years ago:—
And teaches me still:—) has examined divers
of my Patients,—both before I took them in
hand,—and after they were cured:

✍ I refer to him;—He will tell the Truth.

“ An Honest Man’s the

“ Noblest Work of G O D ! ”

— London,

October 4, 1792.

MARTIN VAN BUTCHELL.

The AGRUS, Saturday, October 20, 1792.

F I N I S.